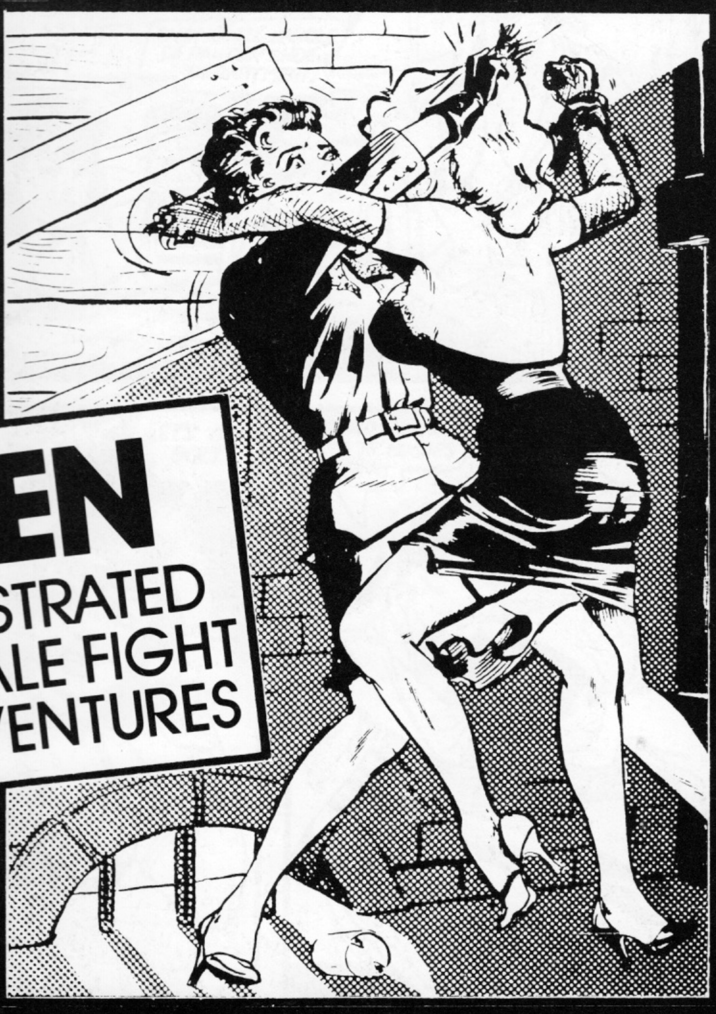
Rip Roaring CATFIGHTS



TEN
ILLUSTRATED
FEMALE FIGHT
ADVENTURES

"THE RAGS AND RICHES RUMBLE"
DON'T FORGET, THE SKOIT N' BLOUSE IS MINE!!
OKAY AN' I'LL HANDLE DA PANTY N' SHOE DEPARTMENT!
LET'S GO BOIT!
BEHIND D'FENCE INTO TH' BUSHES WIT HER!
HELP!

HURRY IT UP POIL DIS BROAD'S KICKIN' LIKA MULE!
I GOT TH' BLOUSE!
M-MUFF!
I GOT TH' PANT'S AN' DEY'S GENOOWINE SILK!
SKOIT'S OFF!
GET TH' SHOES AN' LET'S SCRAM OUT'A HERE!

CA-RUNCH!
HE'S GOING TO GET THEM ALRIGHT! RIGHT IN THE KISSER!
ALRIGHT, YOU DIRTY LITTLE GUTTER RAT HOW DOES IT FEEL TO HAVE YOUR RAGS RIPPED OFF?
WHERE D'Y' THINK YOU'RE GOING?
LEGGO! LEG-GO-O!
RR-RIP!

I WILL PEARL, WITH THIS!
WHOK!
WACKITY!
CHEE, SHE TOOK EVERYTING! NOW WE GOT NUTIN!
AH-H-H SHADDAP! YOU HAD NUT'IN FROM D' START!!
THE END

CREOLE
CAPERS
ANN-MARIE, A YOUNG, OLIVE-SKINNED CREOLE, OPERATED A SMALL SHRIMP BOAT DOWN IN NEW ORLEANS, AS DID SUZANNE, HER CAJUN BUSINESS RIVAL!
GLEN
I HEAR THEES MORNING YOUR NETS WERE CUT, BABEE! THEES BREAK MY HEART IN LEETLE PIECES, ANN-MARIE!
!!!
SLAP
EEEAK!
THUD

SUDDENLY, A KNIFE APPEARED!
THIS GOING TO BREAK UP MY HEART, BABEE!
TWACK
TWACK
TWACK
TWACK
TWACK
TWACK
AAAIEEE
WE WILL SEE HOW YOU FIGHT ON EQUAL TERMS!
NOW!! CREOLE WILDCAT!!

SUZANNE HAS THE STRONGEST LEGS IN THE BAYOU!!
WE SEE HOW STRONG YOUR LEGS ARE, BABEE! A FEW CHOPS ON YOUR LEG BICEPS AND...
OOOH!
THUD
EEEAAK!
YOU CAN'T HURT MY LEG BAD ENOUGH TO STOP THE BEATING I WILL GIVE YOU, CAJUN! GET... OFF ME!!
AAAAIIIIEE

OOOOH...
AIIEEE...
3!!#@ #!!
ANN-MARIE MANUVERED THE WEAKENED BODY INTO A PAINFUL SPLIT AND PRESSED DOWNWARD!
BRUTALLY, ANN-MARIE PRESSED HER KNEE IN-TO SUZANNE'S ABDOMEN UNTIL THE BIG CAJUN GIRL BLACKED OUT!
STUPID CAJUN!
GLEN

PICNIC PROBLEMS

"Next likable spot we see we'll stop and have lunch." Belle said.

"Oh, do we have to, Mum?" Linda asked,: "I'm really not hungry yet. Why don't we drive on?"

"Maybe you're not hungry love, but I am. Besides, I've been driving for five hours now and I feel like stretching my legs a bit. We still have four more hours on the road before we reach Lake Tahoe."

Linda resigned. In a way her mother was right. Of course it would be nice to get at Lake Tahoe as fast as possible, but she had six weeks vacation, and a couple of hours less wouldn't be a catastrophe.

"Hey Mum, look there, that's a nice place. There, by that tree over there. We can sit in the shade and it's so wonderfully quiet."

Belle pulled the car off the road, halting on the bank.

"Yes, it looks great here. Listen, you can hear the birds." Taking the lunch-basket she followed Linda to the tree. At thirty-five Belle was still a beautiful woman. Slender, long honey colored hair surrounding her pretty face, accentuating the big grey-green eyes. Watching her daughter arranging the plates on the blanket, Belle smiled. That's how she must have looked when SHE was fourteen. NO, nobody would doubt for a moment that Linda was her daughter. Kneeling down by the basket, Belle was about to get the flask with coffee, when a rattling sound caught her ear. Around the curve appeared a strange contraption on wheels, a review of America's car industry over the last twenty years. The jalopy parked behind her car and a woman got out. She certainly was the most impressive woman Belle had ever seen. In her early twenties, she was well over six feet, magnificently muscled, big high breasts, wide beautifully rounded hips and without any flab on her brown body. She was followed by a young girl of about fourteen, who was built along the same general lines, only still a couple of sizes smaller. The two walked towards Belle and Linda. The big woman halted, and leaning on the tree one hand on her hip she said:

"Who gave you permission to halt at OUR place? You better get off real fast, or I'll beat your brains out."

Belle knew the type, a bully. She also knew, that if she didn't do as told, the giantess would gladly carry out her threat. In fact, that she was hoping she could lure her, Belle, into a fight.

WHO GAVE YOU PERMI SSION TO HALT AT OUR PLACF ?
YOU BETTFR GET OFF REAL FAST , OR I'LL BEAT YOUR BRAINS OUT.
OH, I'M SORRY, BUT WE DIDN''T KNOW ..OF COURSE WE'LL GO.
1
WHO SAYS YOU CAN TAKE THF BASKET ALONG? I THINK YOU SHOULD PAW US RENT FOR USING OUR PLACE AND THIS BASKET JUST COVERS IT!

YOU WHITE TRASH STILL THINK YOU CAN BOSS US AROUND. WELL I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S BOSS AROUND HERE!

"Oh, I'm sorry, but we didn't know this was your spot. Of course we'll go. Linda, put the things in the basket again."

A mean smile appeared on the big woman's face, and placing one foot on the basket she asked:

"Who says you can take the basket along? I think you should pay us rent for using our place, and this basket just covers it."

At this moment Linda joined the conversation.

"Mum, tell her to get her foot off our basket. Look, she dirties all our food."

The big woman slowly removed her foot and walked over to Linda. She towered over the slender girl.

"Sooo, you say I'm dirty, huh? You whites still think you can treat us like trash, huh? You still think you can boss us around. Well, I'll show you WHO's boss around here."

Grabbing the girl around her small waist, she lifted Linda off the ground, shaking her. Belle pailed. God, what would this mean bully do to her daughter. She started to get up, crying out:

"Please don't! Let her go! She didn't mean it that way! She only...UGHH..."

She toppled over on her face. The younger of the two girls stood over her, a broken off branch in her hand.

"Okay sis, I took care of this one. She won't interfere. Go on, show that white sissy what it means to insult us, but leave something for me too."

The big negress tucked Linda under one of her muscular arms. Grabbing the back of the girls dress with her other hand she pulled hard. The dress tore with a ripping sound. Linda was crying, a look of panic in her eyes.

"Stop blubbering!" her tormentress said,: "Save that for when I REALLY start on you, like THIS!"

Getting hold of poor Linda by her neck and one leg, she lifted the girl high over her head, bending the little blonde in all directions. The pain of this torture made Linda wail and cry, tears streaming down her cheeks. After a while the brown giantess seemed to get tired of this game. Lowering Linda she wrapped her big arms

STOP BLUBBERING!
SAVE THAT FOR WHEN I
REALLY START ON YOU
LIKE T-T-H-I-S!

THAT'STHE WAY SIS! SHOW HER HOW STRONG YOU ARE...MAKE HER CRY?!!THAT'S IT, JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE NOW, BUT DON"T BREAK HER IN TWO. I WANT TO HAVE SOME FUN WITH HER TOO, AFTER YOU'VE FINISHED!

around the girl and slowly started to squeeze her harder and harder. Linda was gasping for air, thrashing her legs wildly but in vain. She felt her ribs slowly being crushed, the air pressed out of her lungs. The pain was excruciating. She knew, that this woman could kill her, crushing her as easily as she would crush the shell of a peanut.

The younger sister of the big bully was cheering her all the time.

"That's the way sis! Show her how strong you are. Make her cry! That's it, just a little bit more now, but don't break her in two. I want to have some fun with her too, after you're finished!"

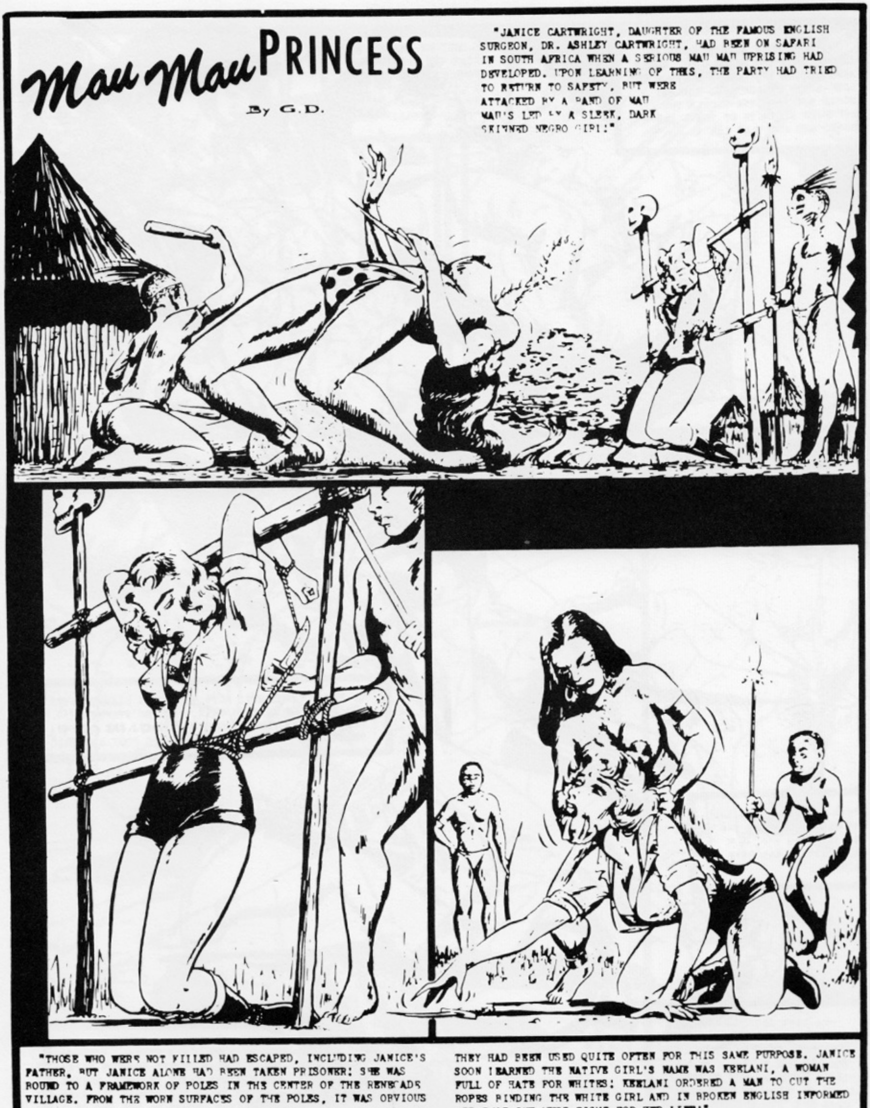
At this moment a benevolent blackness engulfed Linda. She didn't feel any pain now. She lost consciousness and hung limply in the big girl's arms. It was doubtful however if her ordeal had ended now.

COME INTA MY HOUSE AN' WE'LL SETTLE THIS LAK'REAL WOMEN!!
I'D BE DELIGHTED, YOU BROWN BAG!!
A Backyard BRAG!
Glen
BLONDE & BEAUTIFUL MARILYN LIVED NEXT DOOR TO DUSKY & DELIGHTFUL ELLIE; BOTH IN THEIR LATE 20'S AND BOTH MOTHERS OF SMALL BOYS. ONE DAY THE TWO WELL BUILT YOUNG BEAUTIES GOT IN AN ARGUMENT OVER WHOSE LITTLE BOY OWNED A CERTAIN PAIR OF BOXING GLOVES! THE GLOVES WERE SOON PUT TO USE!!
I GONNA' GIVE YOU A TASTE OF THIS, WHITE GAL! PUT EM' UP!
KNOCK IT OFF, YOU HEATHEN SAVAGE!
NOW!
UNH!
CRACK
1.

CR CK
AFTER I FINISH, YOU'LL WISH YOU'D KEPT YOUR BIG, FILTHY MOUTH SHUT!
ELLIE DELIVERED A LEFT HOOK CLOSING MARILYN'S EYE!!!
THUD
ELLIE'S FURNITURE CRASHED AND SPLINTERED AS THE TWO AMAZONS STRUGGLED AND HEAVED THROUGH THE ENTIRE HOUSE, TRADING BLOW FOR BLOW! BRUISES & WELTS COVERED THEIR PERSPIRING BODIES! ELLIE BEGAN WORKING ON THE POINT OF MARILYN'S CHIN SLAMMING IT AGAIN & AGAIN!
THESE GLOVES ARE A TIGHT FIT, BUT I THEY'LL DO! RIGHT?
CRACK
2

YOU DIRTY STINKIN' WITCH! COMMON' AN' FIGHT!
NOW YOU'RE GONNA' GET IT, DOLL!
MARILYN SOON GOT WISE THAT HER CHIN WAS A WEAK SPOT AND BEGAN PROTECTING IT! THE REST OF HER BODY SEEMED UNDAUNTED BY ELLIE'S SLAMMING FISTS! EVEN ELLIE'S LASHING BLOWS AT HER LARGE, FIRM CHEST FAILED TO SHOW A WEAKNESS!! MARILYN SEEMED TO BE SLOWLY GAIN GROUND ON THE ASTONISHED NEGRESS!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO MOVE INTO MY TOWN AND TAKE OVER!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WON'T?
MARILYN DREW FIRST BLOOD BUT ELLIE TURNED INTO A RAGEING TIGRESS AT THE THIN, RED TRICKLE AT THE COR-NER OF HER FULL MOUTH!
3.

CRACK
ELLIE'S LEATHER GLOVE FOUND AN OPENING TO MARILYN'S CHIN AND THIS LED TO A FLURRY OF BRUTAL JABS AND BODY BLOWS WHICH SOON FORCED THE BIG BLONDE RIGHT OUT THE DOOR AND INTO THE BACKYARD!
I GONNA CUT YOU UP IN RIBBONS! YOU LUCKY I DON'T KILL YOU!
SLAM
THUD
GIT BACK IN YOUR OWN YARD, WHITE GAL, AND DON'T GIVE ME NO LIP!
CRASH!
MAN, DON'T YOU EVER MESS WITH ME AGAIN OR I'LL DO A GOOD JOB ON THE PURTY FACE, THEN I'LL JUST MARK UP THAT LIL' WHITE BODY!!


Mau Mau PRINCESS
By G.D.
"JANICE CARTWRIGHT, DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS ENGLISH SURGEON, DR. ASHLEY CARTWRIGHT, HAD BEEN ON SAFARI IN SOUTH AFRICA WHEN A SERIOUS MAU MAU UPRISING HAD DEVELOPED. UPON LEARNING OF THIS, THE PARTY HAD TRIED TO RETURN TO SAFETY, BUT WERE ATTACKED BY A BAND OF MAU MAU'S LED BY A SLEEK, DARK SKINNED NEGRO GIRL!"
"THOSE WHO WERE NOT KILLED HAD ESCAPED, INCLUDING JANICE'S FATHER, BUT JANICE ALONE HAD BEEN TAKEN PRISONER; SHE WAS BOUND TO A FRAMEWORK OF POLES IN THE CENTER OF THE RENEGADE VILLAGE. FROM THE WORN SURFACES OF THE POLES, IT WAS OBVIOUS THEY HAD BEEN USED QUITE OFTEN FOR THIS SAME PURPOSE. JANICE SOON LEARNED THE NATIVE GIRL'S NAME WAS KEELANI, A WOMAN FULL OF HATE FOR WHITES; KEELANI ORDERED A MAN TO CUT THE ROPES BINDING THE WHITE GIRL AND IN BROKEN ENGLISH INFORMED HER THAT SHE MUST FIGHT FOR HER LIFE!"

"WITHOUT MORE WARNING, KEELANI LEAPED UPON THE WHITE GIRL, WHOSE ARMS ENTIRE BODY WAS NUMB FROM THE LONG HOURS OF BONDAGE; KEELANI WOULD NOW SHOW HER PEOPLE THE SUPERIOR STRENGTH OF THEIR LARGE BONED AND MUSCULAR LEADER."
CRASH
"THE BATTLE RAGED BACK AND FORTH AS JANICE TRIED TO REGAIN SOME CONTROL OF HER NUMB ARMS; THANKS TO HER HUNTING EXPERIENCE, JANICE WASN'T QUITE HELPLESS, BUT NOT UP TO THIS CHOCOLATE SKINNED GIANTESS; SHE TRIED TO PIN THE NATIVE GIRL WITH A BODY SLAM..."
"..BUT NOT KEELANI; BOTH HER FISTS SLAMMED INTO THE SMALL OF JANICES BACK, SENDING STABBING PAINS TO THE VERY TIPS OF HER TOES. SHE GASPED DESPERATELY FOR BREATH; KEELANI'S BODY ARCHED!"
"SHE THRUST AN ARM THRU JANICES' THIGHS AND THREW THE GIRL FROM HER. NOW THE ADVANTAGE WAS HERS AGAIN!"

"KEELANI KNOCKED THE BLONDE ONTO HER BACK AND SAT HEAVILY UPON HER UPTURNED FACE, GR-ABBING HANDS FULL OF WHEAT-COLORED HAIR:"
"SUDDENLY, JANICE BIT DEEPLY INTO KEELANI'S EXPOSED THIGH: WITH A PIERC-ING SCREAM, KEELANI THREW HERSELF OFF THE SNARLING BLONDE AND TRIED DESPER-ATELY TO GET OUT OF REACH, BUT JANICE WAS FASTER ; HER FIST SLAMMED DOWN:"
"KEELANI ROLLED FREE AND GRABBED A LARGE BONE FROM THE MANY SCATTERED ABOUT THE CLEARING: JANICE SAW HER AND PICKED UP ONE OF EQUAL SIZE: "THIS SORT OF MAKES US EQUAL AGAIN, DOESN'T IT?" SHE SAID TO THE NOW SHAKEN CHALLENGER:"

"KEELANI CLOSED IN FAST, HOPING TO STAY AWAY FROM THE WICKED BONE CLUB OF THE BIG BLONDE: WRAPPING HER LONG BROWNED LEGS ABOUT JANICE'S WAIST, KEELANI SLIPPED AN ARM AROUND THE GIRL'S NECK, BUT..."
"...JANICE DISLODGED HER QUICKLY AND PAINFULLY BY SLAMMING HER ELBOW INTO THE NATIVE GIRL'S RIBS! KEELANI TRIED TO GRAPPLE AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME JANICE WAS READY FOR HER!
"GRABBING THE NATIVE GIRLS HAIR, JAN SLAMMED THE HEAVY BONE DOWN ACROSS HER SMOOTH FOREHEAD, KNOCKING HER SENSELESS, THEN THREW HER ACROSS HER KNEES!"
" JANICE METHODICALLY POUNDED EVERY INCH OF THE MOANING GIRLS BODY, PAYING NO ATTENTION TO HER PLEAS FOR MERCY!" SHE MUST IMPRESS THESE NATIVES WITH POWER ALONE OR THEY WOULD STILL TURN ON HER! JANICE CONTINUED TO BEAT THE SOBBING GIRL UNTIL THE ENTIRE VILLAGE SUBMITTED!
GLEN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Francine Diane---A little French darling with little heart but a lot of muscle...
Lisa Garrette----She loved to wrestle but hated to lose...
Robert Rexford---He yearned for the love of a dominant woman...
Freda Hull-------Big and beautiful and she knew all the fancy holds...
Jill Holly-------Had a grudge fight with Fran No holds barred...
Renee------------Apetty thief

CHAPTER ONE Mayhem meeting

Fran Diane was troubled this evening. Her job at the Follies was ending and she still hadn't found new work. There were just too many dancing girls in Paris, all hungry and desperate.. Fran shrugged her broad soft looking shoulders and smiled as she turned into the alley leading to her apartment. It was darker than usual but she could see clearly, the usual drunk at this hour and a figure menacingly hovering over the prostrate form

"Renee? What are you doing,"Fran whispered.

"I am doing what I must, Francine, come help me search the peeg."

"You don't know what you are saying...You must be out of your mind."

Almost as soon as she'd said the words, Fran regretted them. But it was too late. Stunned, she watched Renee's lips curl back in a snarl, watched her bend and draw the slim blade from it's sheath strapped to her thigh....

Renee came at her with the knife held low, her face a mask of murderous hate.

Fran backed up against the wall, glanced quickly over her shoulder. No one was in sight. All at once she was horrified....Somehow, she grabbed hold of her wrist but was chrushed against the wall by the heavier girl's charge...

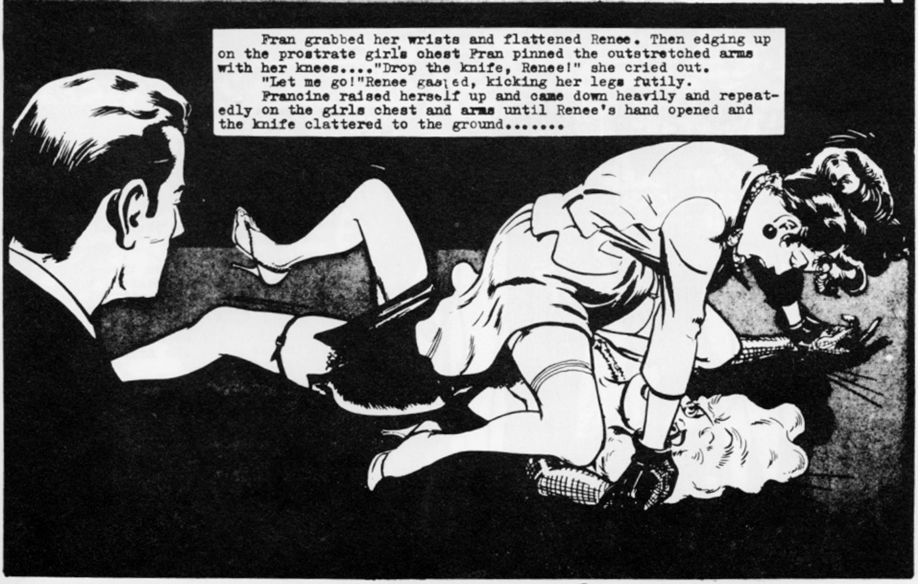
Together they went down on the gravel, rolling over and over in a silent struggle. Fingers of steel tightened about her throat, powerful legs straddled her body and held her down, and cold metal glittered in the darkness coming closer and closer...

With one hand clasped desperately warding off the knife hand of Renee, Fran brought her right arm up and wrapped it around the blond's head. All at once Renee found herself being overpowered. Francine,now was on top but in a numbing scissor hold. Renee's strong legs tightened cruelly around Fran's body. For a frantic second, she thought she was going to faint. In a frenzy, knowing she was lost if this didn't work, Francine got to her knees, and with every ounce of strength she had left, she stood up.

But Renee held on, even applied more pressure to the hold she had on the girl's slim waist.

The blood pounded in her head so hard Fran thought it would burst. She was aware of the predicament she was in and impulsively took advantage.

Francine, dropped the blond girl on her head and shoulders several times, until she released the grip she had on her hips. Renee lay stunned for a minute, long enough to lose the advantage she held throughout the desperate struggle. Francine was now on the offensive. She leaped upon the fallen Renee, straddling her body with her own powerful legs.


Fran grabbed her wrists and flattened Renee. Then edging up on the prostrate girl's chest Fran pinned the outstretched arms with her knees...."Drop the knife, Renee!" she cried out.
"Let me go!"Renee gasped, kicking her legs futily.
Francine raised herself up and came down heavily and repeatedly on the girls chest and arms until Renee's hand opened and the knife clattered to the ground.......

Renee's resistance was gone, she lay back,her legs outstretched in complete surrender. Her face was a mask of anguish as she rolled her head from side to side. Her expression turned to one of fear when she realised two well muscled thighs straddled her head and Francine had picked up the knife and now held the point close to her unblemished face....

Throughout the desperate struggle, neither girl had realized the third party involved had regained consciousness and withessed the entire encouter. Now, the drama before him had reached a climax, an almost disastrous one...Bob Rexford darted forward, pleading.

The sudden realization of what she was about to do came all at once to Francine. She jumped up quickly, put her hands to her face and cried hysterically. Renee got to her feet and ran from the alley into the darkness..Bob reasuringly put his arm around Fran's shoulder comforting her. It was several minutes before she regained her composure and thanked him for preventing the terrible deed she almost committed....

A few minutes later they left. The walk to Fran's apartment calmed her nerves and she talked of the predicament she was in financially...

Interrest showed in Bob's eyes."If you need money, it's a good thing I'm here..." Fran's eyes narrowed,"Look if you think I'm the sort of girl who-"

"No, don't misunderstand me, you mentioned this athletic club you belong to..Perhaps I could pay you or your friends to instruct me in self defense.

Fran smiled, "I know the girls need the money..I'll talk to them and let you know tomorrow."

The following afternoon the girls had decided that Robert Rexford had alterior motives but were willing and excited about teaching him a lesson he wouldn't soon forget.

Bob wondered what he was letting himself in for as he was introduced to Jill, Lisa and Freda.

continued....

CHAPTER TWO: Learning the ropes!

Robert Rexford is put through a grueling session by the girls and then finds himself refereeing a no holds barred, anything goes match between Jill Holly,a boxing beauty, and Francine, a wrestling whiz.

CHAPTER TWO "LEARNING THE ROPES!"

That afternoon, when Bob reported to the gym, Lisa was there alone. He didn't like that, but he said nothing.

"Pretty boy!" Lisa laughed. "Come for your lessons in the art of self-defense?"

Bob glanced admiringly at Lisa whose trim body seemed to glisten from exercise. "Yes,"he said, Where are the other girls?"

Bob felt as if he were blushing as Lisa came over to him, put her hand on his bicep and smiled. "Relax, handsome, they'll be here."

Lisa clasped him to her, her hands gripped both his arms and she dug her fingers into his flesh.

Bob was off balance and annoyed with himself. His conscience should have bothered him, but it didn't. Her strength matched his as they shared the sweetness of their mutual embrace..Suddenly, she pushed him from her. She turned,and to Bob's surprise, walked over and locked the door.

"What did you do that for?" he asked.

"I'm going to teach you a few things, and I don't want to be interrupted." she whispered.

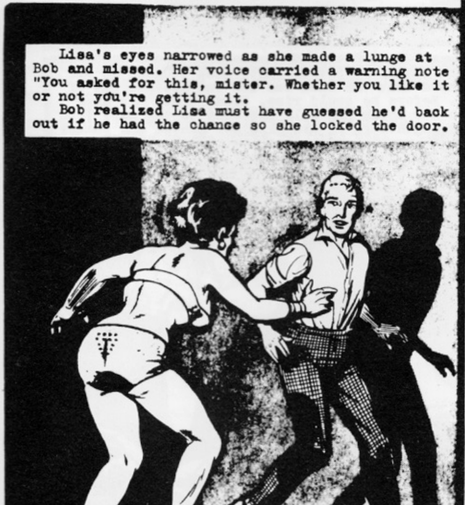
"But.. why not wait for the others to get here. It.. It might not look right, the two of us, alone in this room."

"Look, buster, There are lots of guys who'd be only too glad to trade places with you, locked door or no locked door, so let's go.."

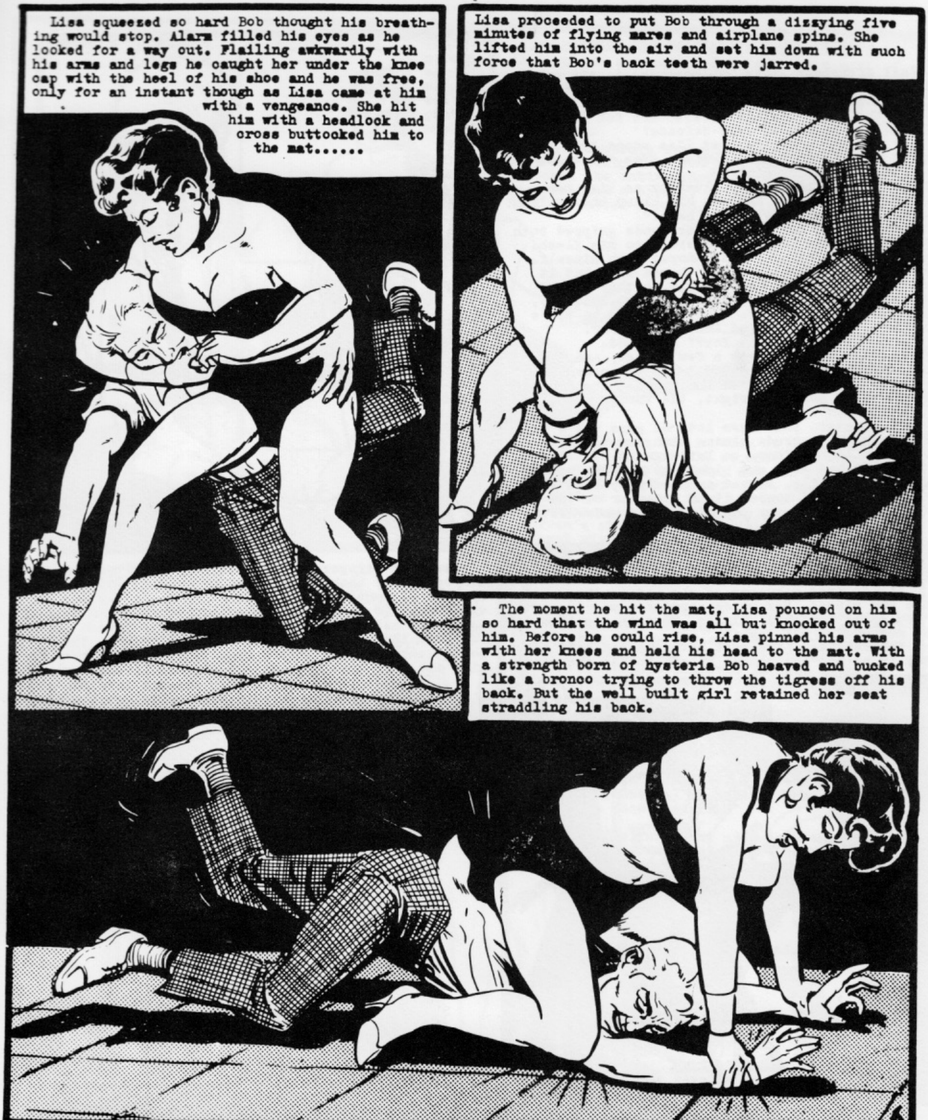
Lisa reached down and picked up the hem of her dress. She quickly, almost excitedly, pulled it over her head and tossed it to a corner of the room. She wore a latex two piece suit underneath.

Lisa's eyes narrowed as she made a lunge at Bob and missed. Her voice carried a warning note "You asked for this, mister. Whether you like it or not you're getting it.

Bob realized Lisa must have guessed he'd back out if he had the chance so she locked the door.



Beads of persperation welled on his forhead as he repeatedly backed away from the persistant girl. Finally he paused to catch his breath and she was upon him. Her charge flattened him against the wall Her hands held his wrists tightly. For a moment she held him there proving her superior strength. Then she twisted his arm into a hammerlock and got behind him. The next instant she applied a bear hug.


Lisa squeezed so hard Bob thought his breathing would stop. Alarm filled his eyes as he looked for a way out. Flailing awkwardly with his arms and legs he caught her under the knee cap with the heel of his shoe and he was free, only for an instant though as Lisa came at him with a vengeance. She hit him with a headlock and cross buttocked him to the mat......
Lisa proceeded to put Bob through a dizzying five minutes of flying mares and airplane spins. She lifted him into the air and set him down with such force that Bob's back teeth were jarred.
The moment he hit the mat, Lisa pounced on him so hard that the wind was all but knocked out of him. Before he could rise, Lisa pinned his arms with her knees and held his head to the mat. With a strength born of hysteria Bob heaved and bucked like a bronco trying to throw the tigress off his back. But the well built girl retained her seat straddling his back.
6

Bob kicked and struggled for all he was worth until Lisa decided to put an end to his efforts. Holding him securly to the mat, Lisa quickly turned around and sat heavily on the back of Bob's head, burying his face deeply into the soft mat. Seizing both his wrists she leaned back for more leverage. Bob's resistance was soon completely crushed and he lay still. Then, very deliberately, Lisa turned the beaten Bob over onto his back and sat on his chest pinning his arms to his side with her knees.
"Well, big boy, had enough?" she asked flexing her muscles menacingly.
Robert Rexford was thoroughly convinced he had taken his first and last lesson in wrestling. Needless to say he was quite relieved when Francine opened the door.
Lisa and Bob got up. His numbed senses returned as he walked abjectly through the unlocked door.
Fran glared at Lisa. "Have fun?" The words were barely out of her mouth before Jill's fist smashed into Bob's midsection. His head rolled sickeningly as he fell back against the wall..

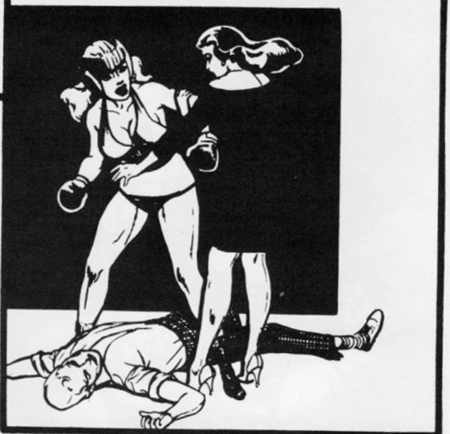
Fran whirled, horrified as she saw Bob helplessly offering a somewhat feeble defense. Jill agressively bored in and landed a right jolt to the face which sent him reeling. Bob's eye's vanished and he fell in a jellied mass to the floor. Fran rushed over to Jill who was standing over him growling.

"Are you girls out of your mind! You're trying to kill him!"she exclaimed.

"Better mind your own business,"Jill said,

"I'm making it my business right now, .. I think I'm falling for the lug."

Jill had been hoping for a situation such as this. There had been a constant rivalry between the two girls over their respective abilities for some time now. This was her chance to prove her superiority as she lashed out a challenge.



Fran accepted and changed into her wrestling togs. She wasn't afraid of Jill. She honestly wanted to avoid this inevitable encounter but this was love and she was prepared for anything no matter how unorthdox.

continued.......

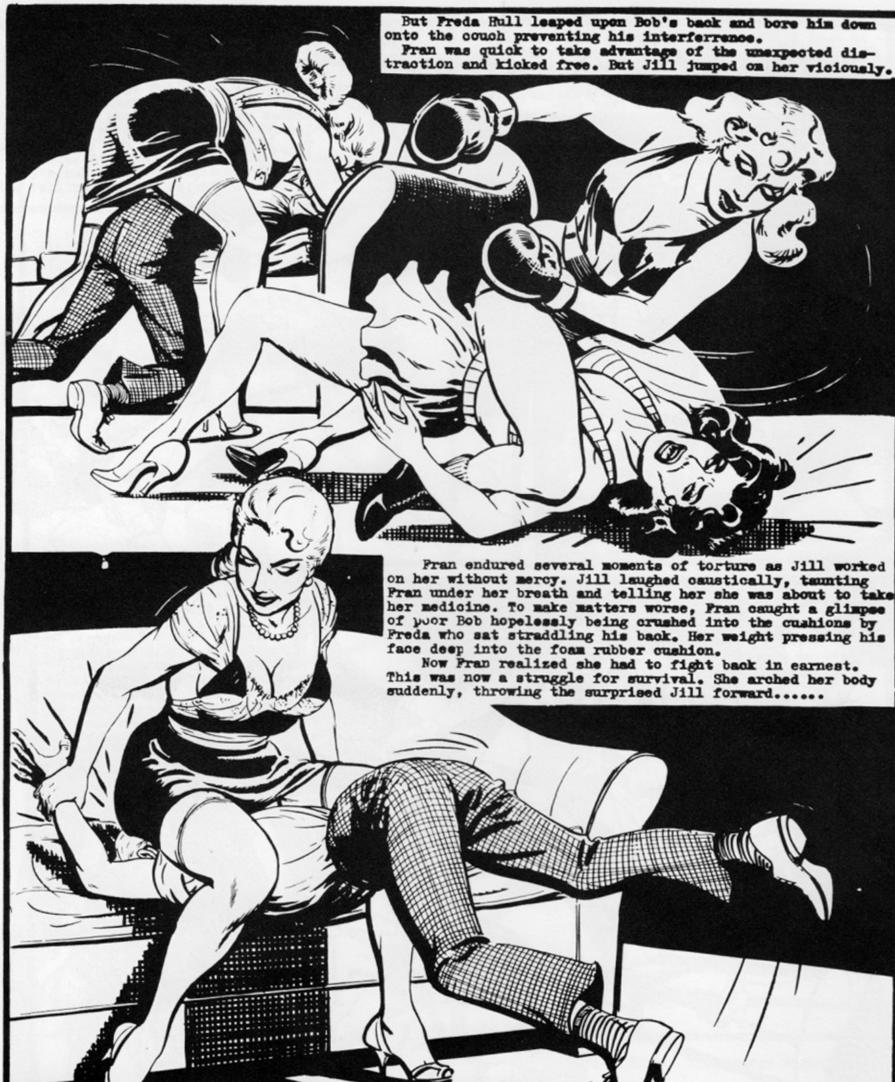
CHAPTER THREE: The Grudge Fight!

Anything goes in this battle of the ages as the two women go at it tooth and nail and leather gloves. Bob tries to intervene but gets sat on by hefty Freda............

CHAPTER THREE: The Grudge Fight!

"This is the chance I've been waiting for," Jill told Fran angrily as they circled each other. "That face of yours won't look so pretty to Bob when I get through mussing it up."

As Jill agressively bored in Fran looked for an opening. Jill landed some terrific head punches which sent Fran reeling back.


But Freda Hull leaped upon Bob's back and bore him down onto the couch preventing his interferrence.
Fran was quick to take advantage of the unexpected distraction and kicked free. But Jill jumped on her viciously.
Fran endured several moments of torture as Jill worked on her without mercy. Jill laughed caustically, taunting Fran under her breath and telling her she was about to take her medicine. To make matters worse, Fran caught a glimpse of poor Bob hopelessly being crushed into the cushions by Freda who sat straddling his back. Her weight pressing his face deep into the foam rubber cushion.
Now Fran realized she had to fight back in earnest. This was now a struggle for survival. She arched her body suddenly, throwing the surprised Jill forward......

But Jill was clever,she knew her business. As she fell forward she realized what her opponent was up to and countered with a head scissors. She began to apply pressure as she swung wildly at the face trapped between her legs. Panic gripped Fran
as she fought back wildly, clawing and kicking. "You witch!" she exclaimed as her fingernails dug into the soft flesh surrounding her head. Jill let out a scream as she put a hand on her bloody leg..

Fran raised herself slowly still caught in the scissor hold by Jill. Locking her arms around Jill's thighs, Fran began to whirl around the room carrying the surprised girl. Seeing that Jill was now in a dazed state Fran dropped her to the floor. Seizing her ankles Fran leaned forward and folded Jill's knees up to her chest. Straddling Jill's legs, Fran pinned her wrists to the floor with her feet.

The tide of battle had been completely reversed. Jill was now so well pinned that she was unable to offer any resistance what soever. When Fran manacingly showed her fingernails to Jill the hapless girl conceded the match......Then as a parting gesture Fran put her hand on Jill's face and shoved with all her might.
Meanwhile, poor Bob's backside had now been thoroughly swacked by Lisa and Freda for attempting to interfere in the grudge fight.
CHAPTER FOUR: The Free for all
A wild melee at Bob and Fran's engagement party as Bob's aristocratic family mixes with his fiancee's amazing amazons....

CHAPTER FOUR The Free for All!
The engagement of Francine Diane to the wealthy Robert Remford created a wave of ill feelings and resentment in their social circles. At the party Bob's aristocratic clique held their noses high in the presence of the girls of the follies. The chief antagonist was a snobbish prima donna who herself was once the fiancee of the dashing Mr. Rexford.
Provoked into an almost uncontrollable rage, Jill Holly, waited eagerly for a chance to "SIT ON" her tormentor.
Late in the evening after most of the guests had either left or passed out, Jill saw her chance to squash Marie La Lourelle. The pompous redhead was on the veranda, awkwardly reclining on a setee...alone....
Jill silently closed the french doors and smiled as she realized her night long ambition was at hand. With arms akimbo Jill came up to the girl in black satin. When their eyes met both girls knew the hatred they had held for each other. Neither uttered a sound and yet they both fully understood.
Jill looked about again. No witnesses. She reached down for the hem of her dress and gathered it about her thighs.
Marie suddenly realized what the blond amazon was contemplating. Too late. Jill was quickly astride the peach skinned beauty. Marie looked at the two silken clad legs so brazenly straddling her body. Her face was now a mask of fury "Get off me, you slob."
Jill lifted her feet off the ground so that her full weight was imposed upon Marie.
"Why don't you make me get off." she whispered. Marie half heartedly put her gloved hands on Jill's knees.
She made a weak effort to push the girl from her. Jill locked her legs to the sides of the cot and seized both of Maries wrists and pressed them deep into the mat.
"Are you satisfied now?" Marie asked.
"You're not going to get away that easy, my obnoxious friend."

But the blond girls weight held her down tightly. For ten mimutes the girls remained in this position just their heavy breathing breaking the silence of the night.

A voice broke the spell of contempt.

"Need any help Marie?"

It was Rodney Van Alt a friend of Bob's.

Jill leaped from her exhausted victim and hurriedly smoothed down her dress over her thighs.

"Get her, Rod." Marie exploded. "Let's fix her little red wagon."

Rodney's eyes were like two fires as he grabbed Jill from behind and pinned her arms to her sides. Marie slapped her viciously across the face again and again...

"Lay her on the cot, Rod, and sit on her."-----"No, face up... I want to see her face, burning.

Rod held the struggling Jill down while Marie hiked up her torn dress and straddled the hapless girl.

"Now how do you like it you peroxide withh." Marie whispered inaudibly.as she lit a cigarette.

Just as the hot head of the cigarette was about to mar the beauty of Jill, Fran appeared at the french doors.

"What are you doing?"she screamed.

"Stay out of this or we'll give you some of the same." Marie spat threateningly.

Fran didn't wait, she rushed Rod who had risen to meet her charge. He laughingly stuck out his hand to stop her but found instead it was quickly twisted back and forced up between his shoulder blades. Rod let out a screach of pain that was heard throughout the palatial home. In just a few mimutes the tense atmosphere exploded into wild screeches as a free for all ensues. All over the veranda separate contests begin, legs and arms flailing, clenched fists strike flesh and yank hair out by it roots.....

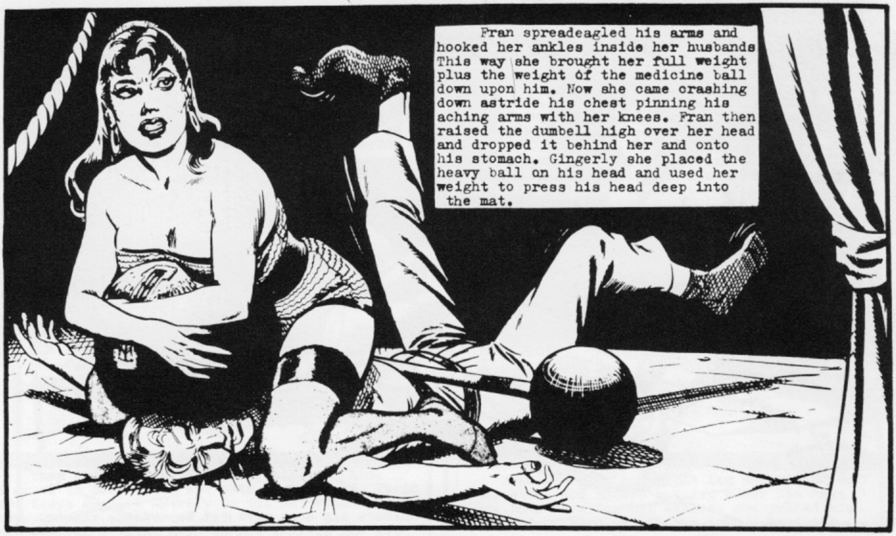
Bob put his hand to his throat as he watched a girl he did not really know.... perched upon her victim like a bird of prey slowly, almost savorily throttling him.

CHAPTER FIVE---
"Conquered and Enslaved"

CHAPTER FIVE "CONQUERED AND ENSLAVED"

Once more Bob enters the the dimly lit room which had been fashioned into a gym by Fran. Beads of persperation trickled down his back as she made her way toward him. His breath stopped as she silently stalked him and crouched like a jungle animal before him.
Then suddenly she flung herself upon him, a growl in her throat and hate in her eyes. Their two bodys crashed heavily to the mat with Fran on top. Quickly she turned Bob over onto his stomach and secured a tight grip on his ankles. She let herself fall backwards, pulling both his legs back at the same time and sat heavily on the back of Bob's neck. He groaned weakly as Fran amused herself for a few minutes by rocking from side to side and mashing his head into the mat.
Fran released his right leg and rolled to her side. She hooked one leg under his head and then crossing her ankles, she pulled his head up between her thighs into a headlock.
Fran watched her husbands squirming and twisting body with amusement. But then she gritted her teeth as she began to increase the pressure of her thighs on his head.
"Fran, I give..umph." When he tried to speak her thighs enveloped his head, preventing him.

Poor Bob wasno match for his athletic wife as she at will put him through various wrestling holds until he was groggy. Soon darkness engulfed him and he lost consciousness....A cool breeze crossed the room reviving him a short time later. Slowly he opened his eyes and he began to feel a heavy weight pressing down on his stomach.... "I thought you were never coming to?" Fran's harsh voice broke the silence. She was seated upon a heavy medicine ball and grinding it with her added weight into the pit of Bob's midsection. He tried to rise but a 200 lb. dumbell lay across his neck and pinned him.



It was then the new maid came into the room and berated Fran and threatened to call the authorities. One word led to another and the next thing you know Fran had a little competition. The two battlers clawed deep gouges in each others flesh, ripped hair from heads, sank teeth deep as they raged and thrashed viciously about the room. Robert Rexford crawled anxiously away without looking back at the two combatants. He just shrugged his shoulders and went about doing the dishes. He didn't complain. After all, his whole body still yearned for the love of a"DOMINANT WOMAN."

the end!

MORE ACTION-PACKED BOOKS FOR THE FEMALE FIGHT FAN!

A GALLERY OF FIGHTING FEMALES by ENEG. Fourteen spectacular action-packed stories by ENEG. A volume that spans 20 years of his life and contains some of his finest works—including his famous "CATFIGHT". Pure action from cover to cover **$7**

CLASSIC FEMALE FIGHT CARTOON STORIES. Two complete stories in one book. In THE CASE OF THE V-PANTS, two beauties fight like animals for dominance. Excellent illustrations with interesting and well written text! In DIVORCE AGREEMENT, two rivals get into a barn-burner of a cat fight over the same man. Both beauties ripping at each other like tigers on a hot day. **$5**

CLASSIC CARTOONS No. 4. 3 complete stories. In ORDEAL AT THE OFFICE, vicious females give you plenty of wrestling, punching, hair pulling and a great deal more! MADAM BIZZARE is the story of a woman who turns into a seething flame of anguish for all those she came in contact with. **$5**

PENTHOUSE CATFIGHTS explore the sexy, violent world of apartment house wrestling and the wealthy and powerful men who bring the girls together for these savage, gladiator style matches. You get 10 complete cartoon stories from the pen of SAJA. Also included is "DRESSED TO KILL", a story containing 19 pages of photos and text **$7**

BATTLING BETTIE PAGE, a brand new and exclusive book devoted to apartment house brawls — and showing why Bettie was the undisputed "Catfight Queen" of the 1950's. Featured is an exclusively commissioned 16 page cartoon story of battling Bettie in a vicious catfight. Also witness Bettie in OVER 50 PHOTOS (many extremely rare) wrestling various opponents in rough and tumble apartment house brawls. All this — plus a NEW Bettie Page fiction story! Printed in 2 colors on high quality stock. **$8**

DIARY OF A LADY WRESTLER. 5 complete stories. In FRESH AIR AND BRUISES, Helen experiences the passion and joy of scratching and clawing another woman into helpless submission! BIG TROUBLE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, a motel room wrestling party. Told in letter form with superb drawings! THE DIARY OF A LADY WRESTLER, Betty Anders steps into the ring hoping she could defeat Sally Reed, a pro wrestler. Other cartoon stories include, LITTLE JENNY by Ram and DULL DAY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. **$5**

SAVE $7 Order all books for only $30

TRIUMPH STUDIOS 7135 Alabama Ave., Canoga Park, CA 91303

SIRS: Please send the item(s) I have selected. I enclose $ ____________
(including correct postage indicated) as payment in full. Sorry no COD's

- ☐ Gallery of Fighting Females by ENEG **$7**
- ☐ Classic Female Fight Cartoon Stories **$5**
- ☐ Diary of a Lady Wrestler **$5**
- ☐ Penthouse CATFIGHTS **$7**
- ☐ Battling Bettie Page **$8**
- ☐ **All 6 Books Above** (I save $7) **$30**

POSTAGE & HANDLING CHARGES: For faster service. Please be sure you include correct postage. Orders up to $20 add $2 postage. Over $20 add $3.
Canadian residents remit in U.S. funds
FOREIGN ORDERS: Submit International Money Orders, payable in U.S. funds or currency. Add 20% extra for surface mail. 30% extra for air mail.
Cash and money orders filled the same day. Checks must await bank clearance.

NAME ______________________________

ADDRESS ______________________________

CITY/STATE/ZIP ______________________________

Calif. residents add 6½% sales tax.